

WHITMAN'S WILDRIDE

It Was Worth Three Stars to the American Flag.

SAVED US VAST TERRITORY.

The Perilous Journey of Four Thousand Miles From Oregon to Washington Made by a Brave Man and the Results Which Followed in Its Wake.

The ride of Marcus Whitman was over snow capped mountains and along dark ravines, traveled only by savage men. It was a plunge through icy rivers and across trackless prairies, a ride of 4,000 miles across a continent in the dead of winter to save a mighty territory to the Union.

Compared with this what was the feat of Paul Revere, who rode eighteen miles on a calm night in April to arouse a handful of sleeping patriots and thereby save the powder at Concord?

Whitman's ride saved three stars to the American flag. It was made in 1842.

In 1702, during the first administration of Washington, Captain Robert Gray, who had already carried the American flag around the globe, discovered the mouth of the Columbia river. He sailed several miles up the great stream and landed and took possession in the name of the United States.

In 1805, under Jefferson's administration, this vast territory was explored by Captains Lewis and Clark, whose reports were popular reading for our grandfathers, but the extent and value of this distant possession were very slightly understood, and no attempt at colonization was made save the establishment of the fur trading station of Astoria in 1811.

Strangely enough, England, too, claimed this same territory by virtue of rights ceded to it by Russia and also by the Vancouver surveys of 1792. The Hudson's Bay company established a number of trading posts and filled the country with adventurous fur traders. So here was a vast territory, as large as New England and the state of Indiana combined, which seemed to be without any positive ownership. But for Marcus Whitman it would have been lost to the Union.

It was in 1836 that Dr. Whitman and a man of the name of Spaulding, with their young wives, the first white women that ever crossed the Rocky mountains, entered the valley of the Columbia and founded a mission of the American board. They had been sent out to Christianize the Indians, but Whitman was also to build a state.

He was at this time thirty-five years old. In his journeys to and fro for the mission he soon saw the vast possibilities of the country, and he saw, too, that the English were already apprised of this and were rapidly pouring into the territory. Under the terms of the treaties of 1818 and 1825 it was the tacit belief that whichever nationality settled and organized the splendid territory would hold it. If England and the English fur traders had been successful in their plans, the three great states of Washington, Oregon and Idaho would now constitute a part of British Columbia. But it was not destined to be.

In the fall of 1842 it looked as if there would be a great impouring of English into the territory, and Dr. Whitman took the alarm. There was no time to lose. The authorities at Washington must be warned. Hastily bidding his wife adieu, Dr. Whitman started on his hazardous journey. The perils, hardships and delays he encountered on the way we can but faintly conceive. His feet were frozen, he nearly starved, and once he came very near to losing his life. He kept pushing right on, and at the end of five terrible months he reached Washington.

He arrived there a worn, bearded, strangely picturesque figure, clad entirely in buckskin and fur, a typical man of the prairies. He asked audience of President Tyler and Secretary of State Webster, and it was accorded him. All clad as he was, with his frozen limbs, just in from his 4,000 mile ride, Whitman appeared before the two great men to plead for Oregon.

His statement was a revelation to the administration. Previous to Whitman's visit it was the general idea in congress that Oregon was a barren, worthless country, fit only for wild beasts and wild men. He opened the eyes of the government to the limitless wealth and splendid resources of that western territory. He told them of its great rivers and fertile valleys, its mountains covered with forests and its mines filled with precious treasures. He showed them that it was a country worth keeping and that it must not fall into the hands of the English. He spoke as a man inspired, and his words were heeded.

What followed—the organization of companies of emigrants, the rapid settlement of the territory and the treaty made with Great Britain in 1846 by which the forty-ninth parallel was made the boundary line west of the Rocky mountains—are matters of history.

The foresight and the heroism of one man and his gallant ride had saved three great states to the Union.—Omaha World-Herald.

Two Ways. Jack—In the oriental world a girl

never sees her intended husband until she is married. Floss—How odd! In this part of the world she seldom sees him afterward.—New York Globe.

THE WEST POINT RIOT.

It Happened During the Cadetship of Jefferson Davis.

Closely connected with Benny Havens' was the great cadet riot of Christmas 1826. In the middle of Jefferson Davis' third year. Before Christmas it was rumored through the barracks that Davis and other southern and southwestern cadets were going to explain to the other members of the corps the mysteries of eggnog. Cadets Davis, Tilghman and Temple were to get the necessaries from Benny's, but it seems that something prevented, and others had to get the materials. The authorities were suspicious and ordered the inspectors to stay up all night to keep order. This angered the cadets, and the preparations for the eggnog went on. In the dark of the morning of Dec. 25 the invitations were sent out. Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnston declined. J. B. Magruder, Drayton, C. J. Wright and others accepted. Davis was extending the invitations when he heard a rumor that Captain Hitchcock was abroad. He ran back to No. 5 north barracks, where the refreshments were collected, called out, "Put away that grog, boys; old Hitch is coming," and looked up to find that Hitchcock was already in the room. Davis was sent to his quarters under arrest, fortunately for him, for after some hilarious noise he went to sleep and did not get into the riot which then began. The instructors and officers were chased out of the halls into their own rooms and there besieged. The cadets obtained arms and organized the Helvetic league to protect themselves against the bombardiers, who, they heard, were ordered out to subdue them. Davis' roommate, Walter B. Gulon of Mississippi, was the leader of the Helveticans. He secured a pistol and tried to shoot Captain Hitchcock. Some of the officers were badly bruised with stove wood that the cadets threw at them. After an hour or two the riot wore out. Later nineteen cadets, among them Gulon, were court martialed and dismissed. Davis, with others, was kept long under arrest and given demerits.—Professor W. L. Fleming in Metropolitan Magazine.

NEW ENGLAND WITCHES.

A Small Record Compared With That of Other Countries.

Yankees have so long and so loudly confessed their ancestral sins that the facts in the case are little known. So much is said about Salem that the execution of witches in Pennsylvania is overlooked. The scant score of persons hanged for witchcraft in New England causes more comment than the many thousands legally burned for that crime in Europe.

In all New England, according to Nathaniel Hawthorne, nineteen persons were executed as witches. One more was accused of the crime and for refusal to plead was pressed to death, after the custom of the day.

The facts concerning the widespread belief in witchcraft and the enormous number of witches killed may be found in any encyclopedia. Haydn's Dictionary of Dates says: "More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames, in Germany." Chambers' Encyclopedia says: "In England and Scotland the witch mania was somewhat later in setting in than on the continent, but when it did so it was little if at all less frenzied, the reformation notwithstanding." "The number of victims in Scotland from first to last has been estimated at upward of 4,000." Dr. Sprenger in his "Life of Mohammed" computes the entire number of persons who have been burned as witches during the Christian epoch at 9,000,000.

Witchcraft persecutions in New England took place in 1692. They were all done in six months. In England they continued till well into the next century. In 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at Hedingham, in Essex. Says Chambers, "It was considered worth notice that nearly all the sixty or seventy persons concerned in the outrage were of the small tradesmen class, none of the agricultural laborers being mixed up in the affair."—Springfield Republican.

A Book She Wouldn't Read. "There is one book of Mr. Stevenson's that I myself have never read," said Mrs. Stevenson once. "I refused to read it and held to my refusal. I make it a rule never to read a novel the scene of which is laid in a bygone age. The author always deems it his duty to make his characters talk in what he considers the language of that period, and I am always sure that he doesn't know positively how they did talk, so I won't read such books." And Mr. Stevenson thought it such a good joke that he insisted upon dedicating it to me.

Her Goodness. Bridget—My wife is a very good cook. Wise—Get out! Her mother told me she was just taking her first lessons when you married her. Bridget—Exactly. She was good enough not to continue her lessons on me.—Philadelphia Press.

Mixed. Mrs. Browns—She's forever complaining, but I think she merely lacks stamina. Mrs. Malaprop—Oh, no; she's got it; at any rate, that's what the doctor calls her disease. She can't sleep.

Jack—In the oriental world a girl

A FRIGHT IN MIDAIR

Going Up in a Balloon and Coming Down in a Parachute.

THE ADVENTURE OF A FIRST TRIP

Experience and Sensations of an Acrobat Who Took the Place of a Professional Aeronaut in an Emergency. The Dash Through Space.

I once went up in a balloon and came down in a parachute. Something went wrong, and all the money in the world doubled would not induce me to make the experiment again.

One grows strangely accustomed to dangers as an acrobat, and when it was suggested that I should earn \$25 in as many minutes by taking the place of a parachutist who had fallen ill at the last minute I jumped at the chance.

It was at a large country fair. The laughing crowd had probably never seen a balloon go up. As the great silk bag gradually swelled a silence fell upon the onlookers.

The sick parachutist's manager patted me on the back and said it was money easily earned. I agreed—then.

"Keep cool," he said, "and, whatever you do, don't look down—except to judge your distance from the earth. You see that tower? It is about a thousand yards away. When you are that distance up pull the check string and shut your eyes."

A dull murmur rose as the ropes were cast off and I felt my feet leave the ground. The upward movement was gentle, and a great cheer came up to me until the band drowned it.

I hardly heard the cheering or the band. The involuntary murmur still rang in my ears. Perhaps my nerves were upset, possibly it was intuition, but from the moment I was drawn up from the ground I felt the conviction that grim trouble lay ahead.

Ignoring the oft repeated instructions, I looked down. How slowly the balloon went up! Could it be possible that I had not gone more than a hundred yards? The giant overhead became a living thing, intent on torturing the puny mortal who had trusted his life to it. I knew I dared not leap before I was high enough, for the parachute takes 100 feet sometimes to open.

I shut my eyes and tried to count to kill time, but the figures became jumbled, and I looked down again. A swallow skimmed past underneath. Far below there was a sea of upturned faces, and the music floated up distinctly. The balloon seemed to have stopped rising, and for an eternity I tried to gauge the height.

Again the band stopped, and I was in a silent world. The crowd of breathless specks far beneath was getting full value for its money. The only noise I heard was the beating of the blood through my head. I was afraid. It was the first real fear I had ever felt in my work.

When the supreme moment came I pulled the string without realizing what I was doing.

What years I lived in those next few seconds. An appalling nausea and a wild desire to live came with the first terrible rush, and my heart stood still as I looked eagerly aloft. The ropes of the parachute had twisted, and I was falling to instant death.

Grasping the ropes in a clutch of steel, I shook them frantically. Half the huge parachute belled out with a noise like a pistol shot, and the speed of the fall was lessened with a jar.

Again I shook the death trap. The ropes were sliding at a snail's pace, and bit by bit the parachute was opening. Still I fell far too fast. I could not breathe, and my hands seemed to be refusing to hold on.

Bang! The last fold had opened out, and I was saved. Dizzy and numb with fear, I held on tightly, wondering whether I should faint before I touched the ground. That, and that only, was my thought as I sailed through the space. I had almost lost consciousness when my feet touched the ground gently. And then I collapsed.—Buffalo Times.

A Drawback. "My!" exclaimed little Billy as he gazed at the lithograph. "I'd like to be a giraffe. Just think how easily you could 'rubber' over the baseball fence."

"That's all right," replied Tommy, "but there is another time when you wouldn't want to have a neck like a giraffe."

"When is that?"

"Why, in the mornings when your ma begins to scrub your neck with soap and water."—Chicago News.

Objectionable. "I don't see why Goodley should be so unpopular with you all. He never speaks ill of any one."

"No, but he's one of those very smug fellows who can say 'Oh, yes, Jones seemed very happy when I saw him last,' and say it in such a way as to give the impression that Jones was horribly drunk."—Philadelphia Press.

A Spoiled Compliment. Little Elmer—Mamma says you are a duck of a doctor. Pompous M. D. (greatly pleased)—Indeed! How did she come to say that? Little Elmer—Oh, she didn't say it just that way, but I heard her tell papa you were a quack.—Chicago News.

Ruskin's injunction to his servants:

"Call me from my study whenever there is a beautiful sunset or any unusual appearance in the sky or landscape."

SCHNITZ UND KLASE.

Treat the Gods Missed, but Procurable in the Mohawk Valley.

Something in the line of good things to eat the gods never had; consequently the gods missed a great treat. And, by the way, friend, have you ever had up to a dish of schnitz und klase?

No? Thought so. Few have in these times, and those who have been so fortunate have just cause to recall a delicious morsel time can never erase from the tablets of memory.

You can order schnitz und klase until you faint, famished, awaiting it. You will never get it in any public eating place. It isn't on the bill of fare and never will be.

The up to date chef would give you the laugh if you asked him to concoct it for you. Ten chances to one he'd not understand what schnitz und klase could possibly mean. Few know, but those who do know it know it well.

A good big ham bone is the central portion, light dumplings and dried apples. Anything else would spoil it.

The ham bone gives the dish a smoky flavor, the dumplings give it body, and the dried apples give it color and tartness as well as sauce.

Put the ham bone in cold water and open the flues and let the pot boil. While the pot is getting into good and ready shape make your dumplings, and make them as light as possible.

Put the dried apples in a separate dish and stew them down to a nicey. When the pot with the ham bone bubbles and froths drop in the dumplings one by one. No; you do not stir the contents of the pot. That would spoil the consistency of the dumplings and make a mess.

Any one who has watched a pot boil knows when dumplings are done to a dot.

Take a deep platter, fish out the dumplings carefully with a drain spoon and place them about the ham bone in the center of the platter. Looks dry, but when you pour over all the dried apples and their nice sauce—wow!

That's schnitz und klase as you may have had it years ago when living with a German family in the Mohawk valley. You can eat it until your eyes start out and your waistband grips your middle. It will stay by you through a hard day's work, and if there is any left over you hit it again for supper cold.

Ever try it?—New York Sun.

ONLY A GUESS.

But It Made Good Advance Information For the Reporter.

Nels Olsen, who was for forty years a trusted employee of the New York Yacht club, was always courteous to newspaper men and glad to give them such information as he could with propriety make public. He was sorely beset by news gatherers while the Dunraven trial was going on, and often said to the reporters, with a smile, that he regretted his "ignorance." On the evening of Feb. 27, 1896, when the members of the club met at the old clubhouse in Madison avenue, there was much quiet excitement because, it was well known that the question of Dunraven's expulsion would come up. An enterprising reporter stopped Olsen as he came through the door and asked: "Do you think they'll expel his lordship?"

Olsen said, "How do I know?" and then added, "Did you ever read this?" and handed to the young man a clipping from the Tribune which read: For Dunraven, never tumbling, still is grumbling, still is mumbering. In his lordly ancient castles over on the distant shore. And his talks have all the seeming of a daft and jealous seaman.

And the X rays through him streaming show he's unfair at the core. And because the Yacht club knows him—knows he's unfair at the core—He will race here—nevermore.

Half an hour later the meeting was called to order, and within twenty minutes a resolution was adopted stripping Dunraven of his honorary membership privileges. When the reporter saw Olsen he said, "That was good advance information," to which he replied, "I never give information; that was a guess."—New York Tribune.

Only the Odd Ones.

Very few of the American tourists who come to England fail to visit Westminster abbey. The long history of the venerable pile appeals strongly to our visitors from the other side of the Atlantic. One lady student while within the abbey looked about with the particular object of inspecting the tomb of King Edward II. Failing to discover it after patient search, she at last asked the verger to direct her to it. "I'm sorry, madam," replied the officer, with a tone of deep regret, "but we haven't Edward II. here, as we only 'ave the odd numbers."—London Express.

Making a Show.

"A man has to draw it fine these days."

"What do you mean?"

"Staying ten minutes after office hours each day will probably make a good impression, but staying fifteen is liable to excite suspicion that you are monkeying with your books."—Kansas City Journal.

Cynical.

The Maid—Do you believe it's unlucky to get married on a Friday? The Abominable Bachelor—Certainly. Why should Friday be an exception?—Black

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